Phil May

Sketches from "PUNCH."

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LONDON:

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Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

Phil May.

Born, April 22, 1864. *Died, August 5, 1903.*

If the death of Phil May is a loss that the world of art may not soon retrieve, to his wide circle of friends it is an irreparable hurt. He had a nature made to love; so great a charm of gentleness and unaffected modesty went with his splendid gifts. The hard times of early life, that helped him in his art, as they helped another Filippo, to "learn the look of things," left their trace, too, in the almost reckless generosity he showed for the needs of others. Less careful for himself, he suffered as a man must suffer who has a heart too quickly responsive to the claims of good fellowship always to distinguish in others between friendship and mere *camaraderie*. Among his colleagues at the Table he inspired a personal affection not less frank and sincere than their admiration, never even faintly tinged with envy, for the genius from which they caught a reflected pride. Their only jealousy was of the happy possessor of the latest of those delightfully spontaneous sketches which he used to make on the backs of the *Punch* Dinner menus. These gifts are treasured still more dearly now, along with many unrecorded memories that linger about his vacant place.

Owen Seaman.

From "Punch," *August 12th*, 1903.

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Sketches by Phil May

From "PUNCH."

"AND SHE OUGHT TO KNOW!"

"That's supposed to be a Portograph of Lady Solsbury But, bless yer, it ain't like her a bit in Private!"

[*First contribution to "Punch."*

SELF-CRITICISM.

First Genius to Second Genius. "WHY ON EARTH DO YOU DO YOUR HAIR IN THAT ABSURD FASHION, SMITH?"

THE FINISHING-TOUCH.

"Arf a pound er Margarine, please; an' Mother says will yer put the Cow on it, 'cos she's got Company!"

Q. E. D.

"What's up wi' Sal?" "Ain't yer 'erd? She's Married agin!"

THE PLUNGER.

First Boy (much interested in the game of Buttons). "'As 'e lost?"

Second Ditto. "Yes; 'e lost all them Buttons what 'e won off Tommy Crowther yesterday, an' then 'e cut all the Buttons off 'is Clothes, and 'e 's lost them too!"

AN IMPORTANT 'JUNCTION.

"You mind your Fader gets my Boots reddy by Four o'clock, 'cos I'm goin' to a Party "

WASTED EFFORTS.

New Assistant (*after hair-cutting, to Jones, who has been away for a couple of weeks*). "YOUR 'AIR IS VERY THIN BE'IND, SIR. TRY SINGEING!" *Jones* (*after a pause*). "YES, I THINK I WILL."

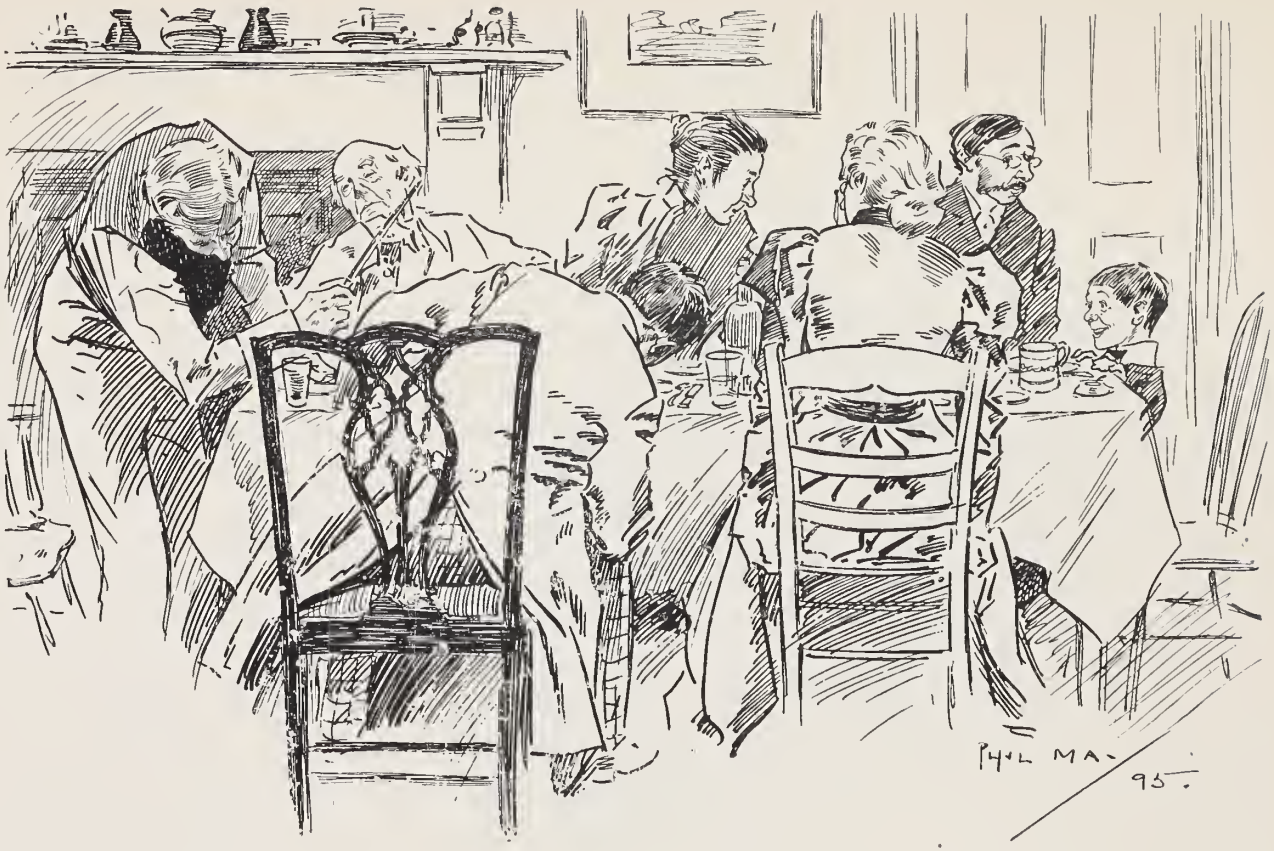
N. A. (*after singeing*). "SHAMPOO, SIR? GOOD FOR THE 'AIR, SIR." *Jones.* "THANK YOU. YES."

N. A. "YOUR MOUSTACHES CURLED?" *Jones.* "PLEASE."

N. A. "MAY I GIVE YOU A FRICTION?" *Jones.* "THANK YOU."

N. A. "WILL YOU TRY SOME OF OUR——"

Manager (*who has just sighted his man, in Stage whisper*). "YOU IDIOT! *HE*'S A SUBSCRIBER!!"



A SUNDAY DINNER.

Father of Family (who has accidentally shot the leg of a Fowl under the table). "MIND T'DOG DOESN'T GET IT!"
Young Hopeful (triumphantly). "ALL RIGHT, FEYTHER! I'VE GOTTEN ME FOOT ON IT!"

BLASÉ.

Kitty (*reading a fairy tale*). "'Once upon a time there was a Frog——'"
Mabel (*interrupting*). "I bet it's a Princess! Go on!"

MUCH ADO.

"Mamma-a-a! Boo-hoo! We's crying! Tum up 'tairs an' see what's de matter wiv us!"

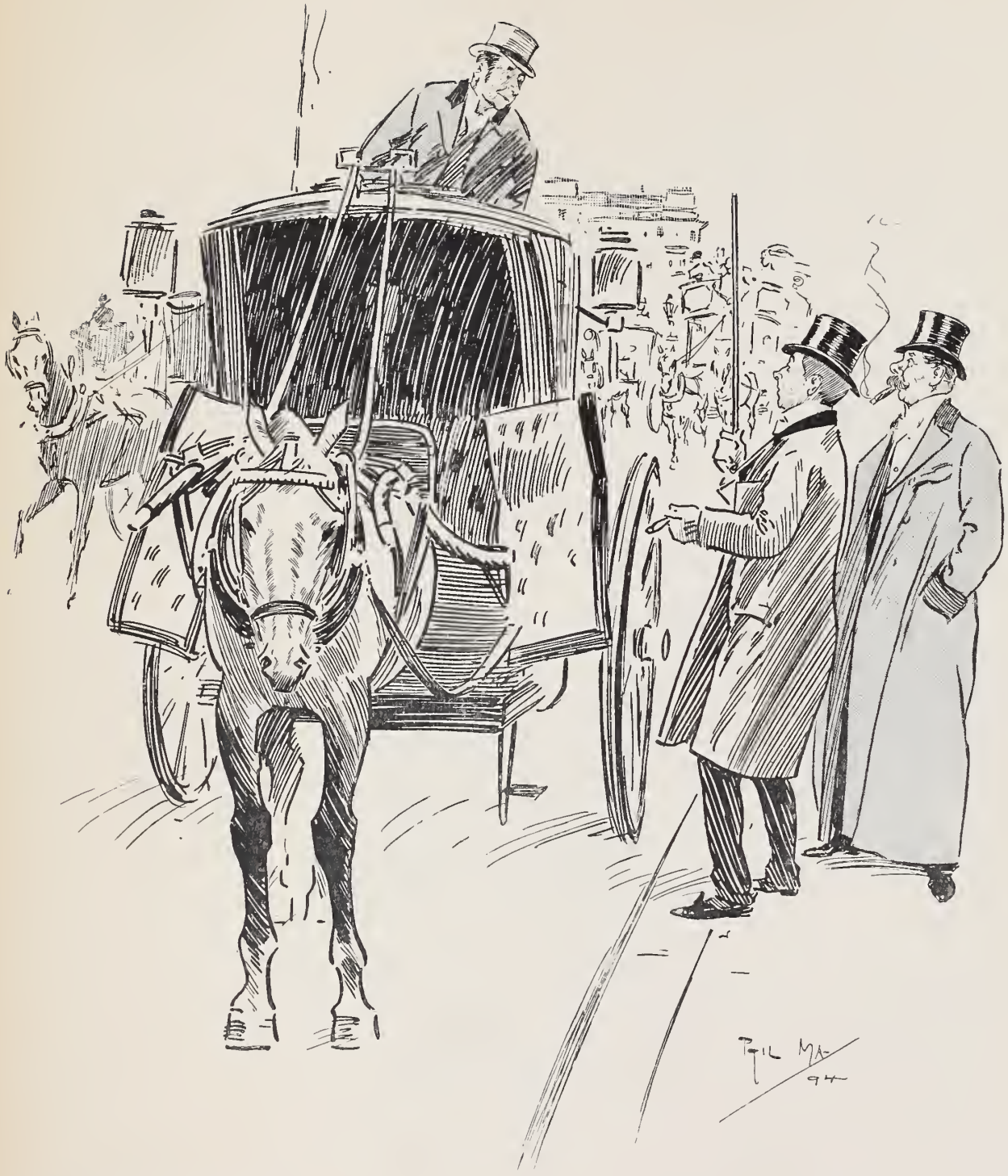
"A SOFT ANSWER," &c.

Importunate Street Urchin (for the tenth time). "GI' US A COPPER, SIR! GI' US A COPPER!"

Testy Individual (losing patience). "OH, GO TO"—(*substitutes a milder form*)—"BLAZES!"

Street Urchin. "SURE THIN AN' I WOULD IN THIS BASTLY COULD WEATHER, IF I WAS ONLY CERTAIN O' COMIN' BACK AGAIN!"

[*Individual's testiness overcome and Urchin rewarded.*



NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

Superior 'Arry. "CABBIE! TO THE—AW—THE PRINCE OF WALES'S."
Cabbie. "MARLBRO' 'OUSE, MY LORD?"

PICKINGS FROM PICARDY.

After the Procession. A Solo by Grand-père.

BOTANY; OR, A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"Say, Billee, shall we gaver Mushrooms?"
"Yus. I'm a Beggar to Climb!"

A MODEL.

Little Guttersnipe (who is getting quite used to posing). "WILL YER WANT ME TER TIKE MY BUN DOWN?"

A LECTURE IN STORE.

"*Are* you comin' 'ome?"

"I'll do ellythik you *like* in reasol, M'ria—(*hic*)—Bur I *won't* come 'ome."

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Chorus (slow music). "WE'RE A RARE OLD—FAIR OLD—RICKETY, RACKETY CREW!"

A GOURMAND.

Youngster (*who has just had a Penny given to him*). "'Ow much is them Grapes, Mister?"

Shopkeeper (*amused*). "They are Four Shillings and Sixpence a Pound, my Lad."

Youngster. "Well, then, give us a 'A'porth o' *Carrots*. I'm a *Demon* for *Fruit*!"

SO THAT DOESN'T COUNT.

"Are you sure they're quite Fresh?"

"Wot a Question to arst! Can't yer see they're Alive?"

"Yes; but *you're Alive*, you know!"

A SPECIAL PLEADER.

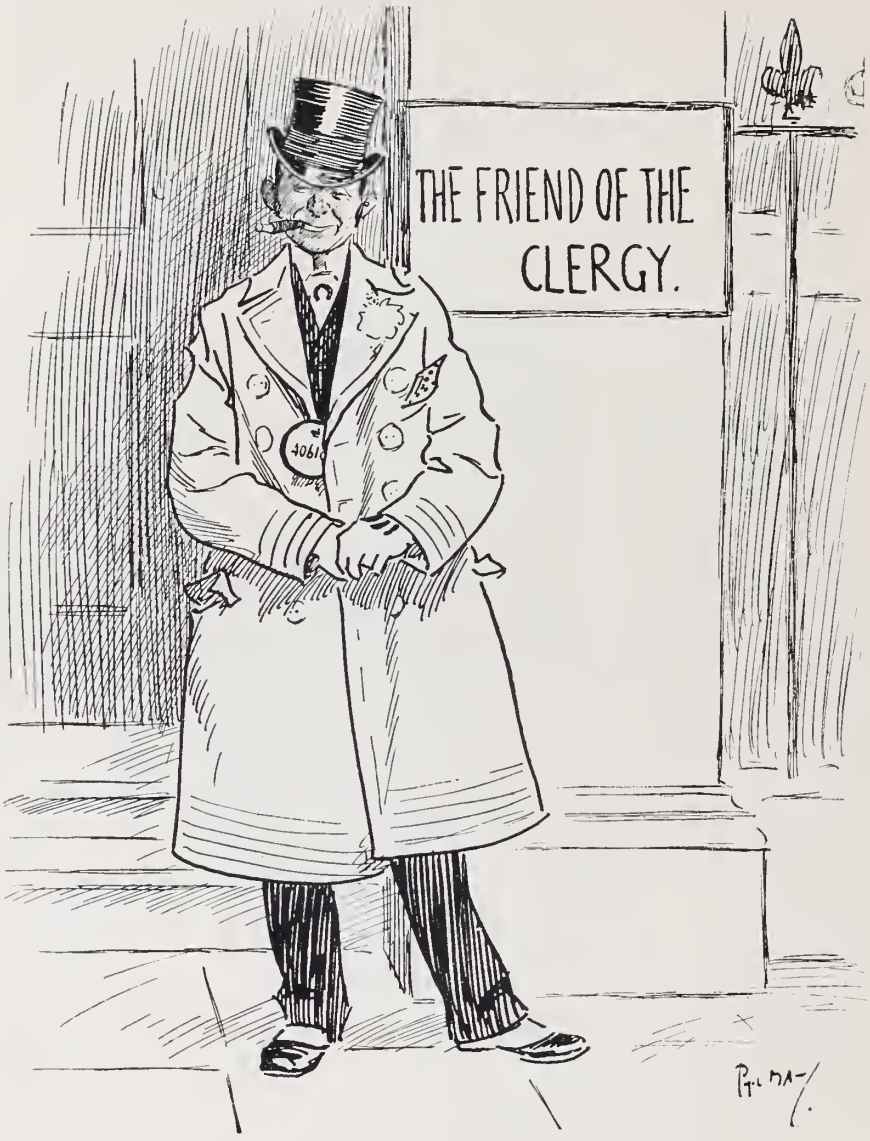
First Boy. "GIVE US A BITE OF YOUR APPLE, BOB."
Second Boy. "SHAN'T."
First Boy. "WHAT FOR?"
Second Boy. "COS YER AXED ME!"
(*After a pause.*)
Small Boy. "GI' ME A BITE, BOB. I NEVER AXED YER!"

A NATURAL QUERY.

"What Bait are yer usin', Billie?"
"Cheese."
"What are yer tryin' ter catch—Mice?"

INAPPROPRIATE.

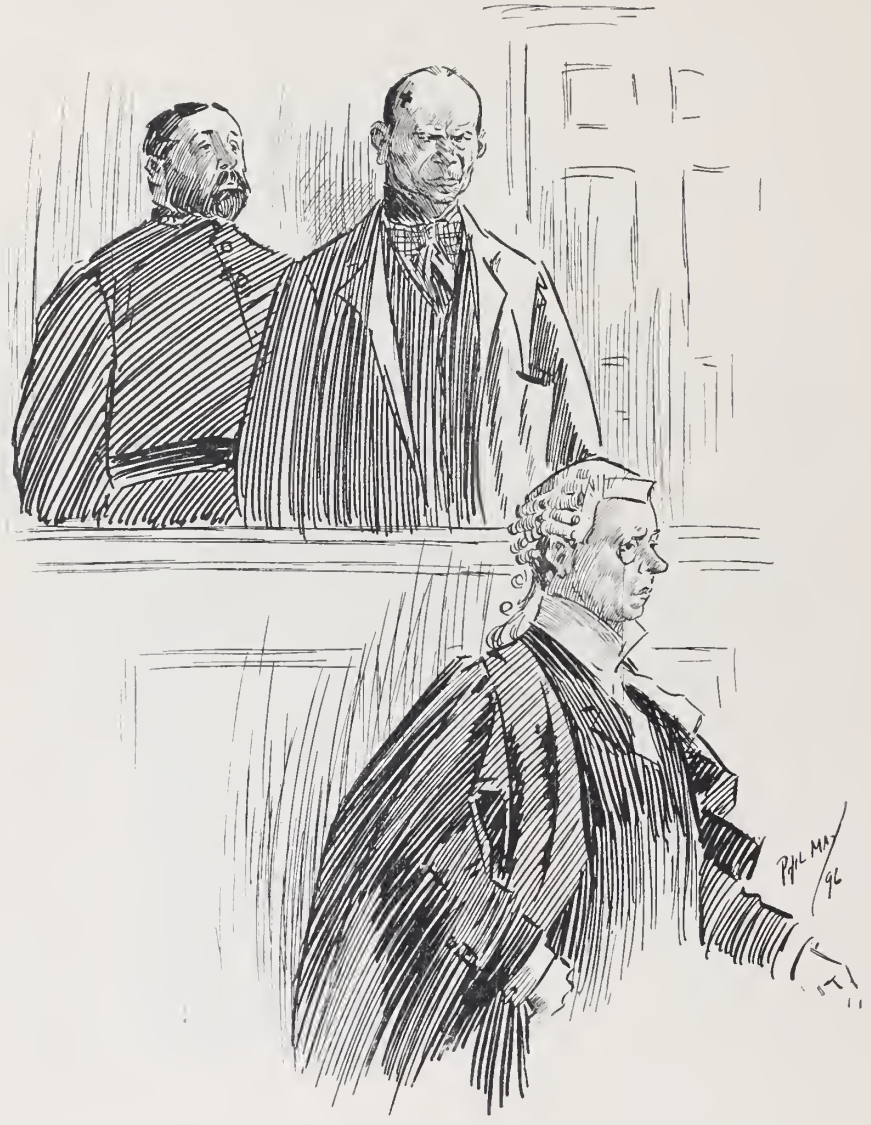
Street Serio (*singing*). "ER—YEW WILL THINK HOV ME AND LOVE ME HAS IN DIES HOV LONG AGO-O-O!"



A SKETCH NEAR PICCADILLY.

A THREAT MISPLACED.

"Oi tell yez Oi will *not* clane out me Cell. Oi 'd lave the Jail furrst!"



OBVIOUS.

"Gentlemen, I am ready to admit that his Career in the Past has not been free from Blemish——"

AN AWKWARD ADMISSION.

Enthusiastic Briton (to seedy American, who has been running down all our National Monuments). "BUT EVEN IF OUR HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT 'AREN'T IN IT,' AS YOU SAY, WITH THE MASONIC TEMPLE OF CHICAGO, SURELY, SIR, YOU WILL ADMIT THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, FOR INSTANCE——"

Seedy American. "WAAL, *GUESS* I DON'T THINK SO DURNED MUCH OF YOUR THAMES EMBANKMENT, NEITHER. IT *RAINED* ALL THE BLARMED TIME THE NIGHT I *SLEP* ON IT."

A HOMELY TEST.

Ethel (*reading from book of familiar sayings*). "'A Man at Forty is either a Fool or a Physician.' That's rather funny, Kate. Daddy is more than Forty, and he's certainly not a Physician!"

AT A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC BANQUET.

Waiter (to Colleague). "WELL, THEY MAY 'AVE THE INTELLEC', FRED, BUT WE CERTAINLY 'AS THE GOOD LOOKS!"

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Foreign Husband (whose Wife is going to remain longer). "GIF ME TWO DICKETS. VON FOR ME TO COME BACK, AND VON FOR MY VIFE NOT TO COME BACK!"

SENDING-IN-DAY AT THE R. A.

"But it is impossible for you to see the President. What do you want to see him for?"

"I want to show him exactly where I want my Picture hung."

FROM DOTTYVILLE.

Lunatic (*suddenly popping his head over wall*). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?" *Brown.* "FISHING."

Lunatic. "CAUGHT ANYTHING?" *Brown.* "NO."

Lunatic. "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?" *Brown.* "SIX HOURS."

Lunatic. "*COME INSIDE!*"

ANOTHER FROM DOTTYVILLE.

Harmless Lunatic (who is occasionally allowed out with a pop-gun). "OH, I SAY, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO CATCH A RABBIT!"

Nervous Stranger. "*No*, I DON'T."

Harmless Lunatic. "WELL, YOU JUST GET BEHIND THE HEDGE AND MAKE A NOISE LIKE A TURNIP!"

JAM SATIS.

Commissionaire. "WOULD YOU LIKE A FOUR-WHEELER OR A 'ANSOM, SIR?"

Convivial Party (indistinctly). "VER' MUSH OBLIGE—BUT—REELY DON'T THINK I *could* TAKE 'NY MORE!"

PETTICOAT LANE.

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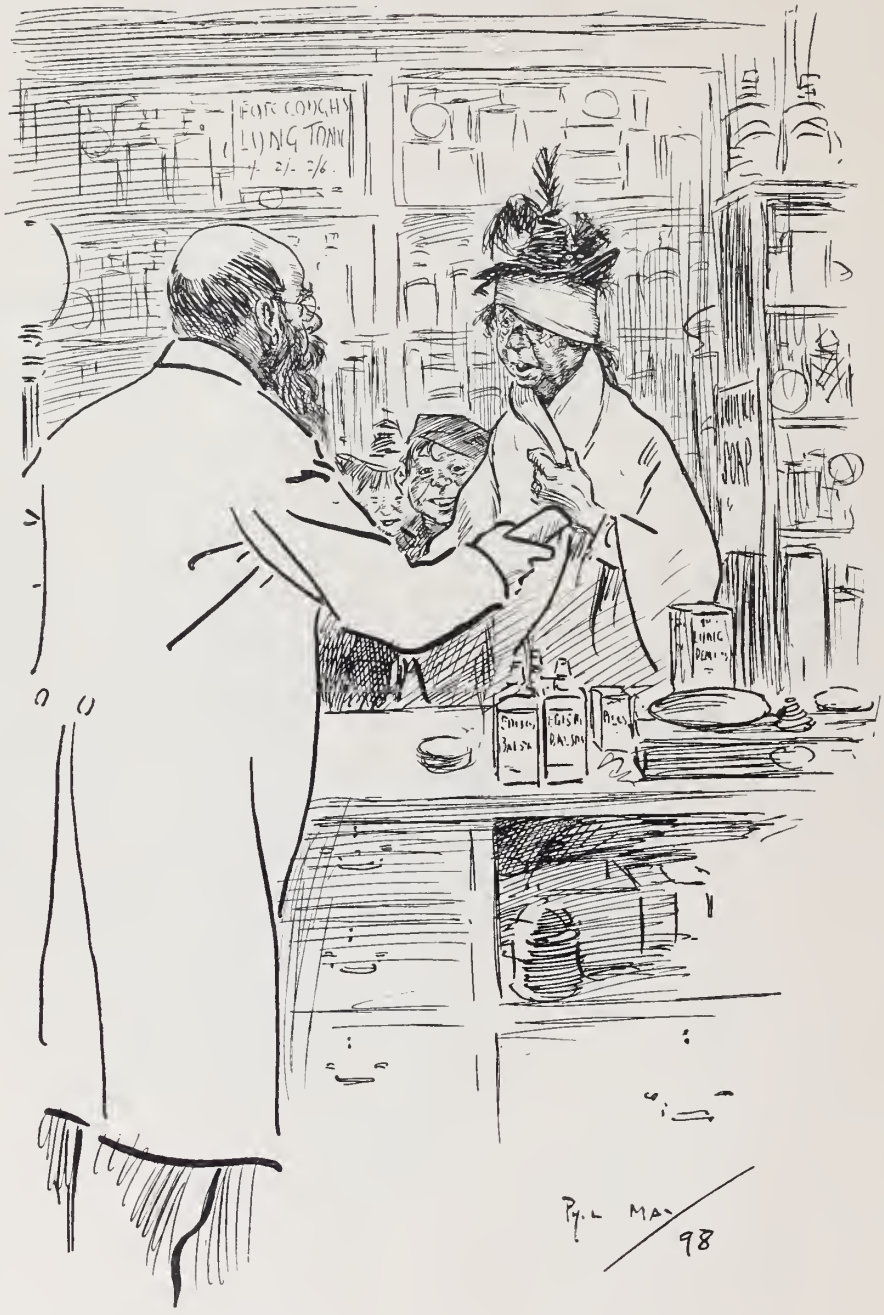

FELINE IMPRESSIONS.

Chemist (to battered female, who is covered with scratches). "THE CAT, I SUPPOSE?"
Battered Female. "NO. ANOTHER LYDY!"

AN AWAKENING.

"I SAY, 'ARRY, DON'T WE LOOK FRIGHTS?"

POOR LETTER H.

Tenor (*singing*). "Oh, 'appy, 'appy, 'appy be thy Dreams——"
Professor. "Stop, stop! Why don't you sound the H?"
Tenor. "It don't go no 'igher than G!"

DISADVANTAGES OF PERFORMING AT A COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE WASP SEASON.

(Just in the most important passage, too.)

ART IN WHITECHAPEL.

"Well, that's what I calls a himpossible Persition to get yerself into!"

THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, LONDON.

FLIPPANCY.

Serious Old Party. "Eh, but this is a wicked World!"

Flippant Individual. "You are right, Mrs. Mumble. For my part, I shall be quite satisfied if I get out of it alive!"

A REJOINDER.

'Arry (whose "Old Dutch" has been shopping, and has kept him waiting a considerable time). "WOT D'YER MEAN, KEEPIN' ME STANDIN' ABAAT 'ERE LIKE A BLOOMIN' FOOL?"

'Arriet. "*I* CAN'T 'ELP THE WAY YER STAND, 'ARRY!"

AN INJURED INNOCENT.

Minister's Wife. "TOMMY CROWTHER, YOU HAVEN'T WASHED YOUR FACE TO-DAY!"
Tommy Crowther. "'TAIN'T *SUNDAY!*"

NOTES FROM MR. PUNCH'S FOREIGN SKETCH-BOOK.

Feeding the Pigeons at St. Mark's Square, Venice.

CRITICS FROM THE QUARTIER LATIN.

First Student. "QUANT À MOI, JE RECONNAIS SURTOUT LA MANQUE MERVEILLEUSE D'EXPRESSION QUI DÉNOTE UN VRAI MAÎTRE!"

'ARRY IN 'OLLAND.

'Arry. "I SAY, BILL, AIN'T HE A RUM-LOOKIN' COVE?"

MISTRUST.

Gran'pa Macpherson. "How many does Two and Two make, Donald?"
Donald. "Six."
Gran'pa. "What are ye talking about? Two and Two make Four."
Donald. "Yes, I know; but I thought you'd 'beat me down' a bit!"

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.

Father O'Flynn. "And now, Pat Murphy, in this season of Lent, what is it ye'll do by way of Penance?"

Pat Murphy. "Sure, then, I'll—I'll come an' hear your Riverance prayche!."

"THE GREY MARE."

Scramble. "Been to see the Old Masters?"

Stippleton (*who has married money*). "No. Fact is"—(*sotto voce*)—"I've got quite enough on my hands with the old Missus!"

AT A GARDEN PARTY

Lady Vere de Vere (*to distinguished foreigner*). "YOU *MUST* EXCUSE ME. I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY SILLY OF ME. I KNOW YOUR NAME SO WELL, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR FACE!"

THE VERY LATEST DISCOVERY.

Amateur Astronomical Student (returning home, after attending scientific Bachelor Dinner, where "the reported discovery of a new Satellite of Saturn" has been warmly discussed). "WHERE AM I? LETSH SHEE—(*considering*)—EARTH'S GOT *ONE* MOON. MARS 'S GOT FIVE MOO—JUP'TUSH NINE—I SHEE TWO MOONS. THEN—*WHERE* AM I?"

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

Cabby (*to Gent who has been dining out*). "'Ere y'are, Sir. This is your 'ouse—get out—be careful, Sir—'ere's the step."

Gent. "Yesh! Thash allri, but wersh my *Feet*?"

MALAPROPOS.

Mrs. Snobson (who is doing a little slumming for the first time and wishes to appear affable, but is at a loss to know how to commence conversation). "TOWN VERY EMPTY!"

OVERHEARD AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

"'Ere y' are! All the Jolly Fun! Lidies' Tormentors two a Penny!"

CONVINCING.

OVERHEARD ON THE STEPS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

Commissionaire. "UNIFORMS? TOP FLOOR, SIR!"

EUREKA!

Portrait of a Calculating Gentleman (not at all a bad-looking Chap) who has solved the Problem as to whether we are in the Nineteenth or Twentieth Century.

A SOLILOQUY.

Tragedian. "CHEAP! HA, HA! WHY IN MY TIME THEY *THREW* THEM AT US!"

A BREEZY CUSTOMER.

"SHAVE, OR HAIR CUT, SIR?"
"*CORNS*, YOU FOOL!"

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Old Maid. "Is this a Smoking Compartment, young man?"
Obliging Passenger. "No, Mum. 'Igher up!"

GRAPHIC.

"YER KNOW, THEM BOERS 'AS BIN STORIN' GUNS AND HAMBITION FOR YEARS!"

HARD LINES.

"Just my luck! This sort of thing always happens just when I'm invited to a Party!"

FROM ERIN'S ISLE.

"SURE, TERENCE, IF YEZ GO TO THE FRONT, KAPE AT THE BACK, OR YE'LL BE KILT. OI KNOW UT!"

"FAITH, AN' ISN'T THAT THE WAY OI GET MY LIVIN'?"

MAFEKING NIGHT.

(*Or rather* 3 A.M. *the following morning.*)

Voice (*from above*). "GOOD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM! WHY *DON'T* YOU COME TO BED?"

William (*huskily*). "MY DEAR MARIA, YOU KNOW IT'S BEEN THE RULE OF MY LIFE TO GO TO BED SHOBER—AND I CAN'T POSH'BLY COME TO BED YET!"

ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Little Effie (not at all inclined to go to sleep—to Nurse who is about to switch off the electric light). "OH, PLEASE, NANNA, *DON'T TURN ON THE DARK!*"

AN ARTLESS QUERY.

Mamma. "To-morrow's Christmas Day, Effie dear, and you will go to Church for the *first* time." (*Encouragingly.*) "There will be beautiful music——"

Effie. "Oh, Mummy dear, may I *dance?*"

NOT A WATER DRINKER.

Talkative Old Lady (drinking a glass of Milk, to enthusiastic Teetotaler, who is doing ditto). "YES, SIR, SINCE THEY'RE BEGUN POISONING THE BEER, *WE MUST* DRINK *SOMETHING*, MUSTN'T WE?"

A CONNOISSEUR.

Old Lady (*giving a very diminutive nip of Whisky to her Gardener*). "THERE, DENNIS, THAT WHISKY IS TWENTY YEARS OLD!"

Dennis. "IS IT *THAT*, MARM? SURE 'TIS *MIGHTY SMALL FOR ITS AGE!*"

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

Amateur Bowler (*to Umpire*). "HERE, I SAY! I CAN'T SEE THE WICKET. HOW CAN I BOWL HIM?"

Umpire. "FIRE AWAY! IF YOU 'IT 'IM IN *FRONT*, IT'S 'LEG BEFORE.' IF YOU 'IT 'IM *BEHIND*, IT'S A 'WIDE'!"

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE," &c.

Maid (looking over wall, to newly-married couple just returned from their honeymoon). "OH, PLEASE 'M, THAT DOG WAS SENT HERE YESTERDAY AS A WEDDING PRESENT; AND NONE OF US CAN'T GO NEAR HIM. YOU'LL HAVE TO COME IN BY THE BACK WAY!"

SELF-SATISFIED.

Little Griggs (to caricaturist). "By Jove, old feller, I wish you'd been with me this morning; you'd have seen such a funny looking chap!"

ANOTHER MR. WELLER.

Club Attendant (to stout party, who is struggling into overcoat). "ALLOW ME, SIR."

Stout Party. "NO, DON'T TROUBLE! THIS IS THE ONLY EXERCISE I EVER TAKE!"

ANOTHER FROM IRELAND.

Mrs. O'Brady. "SHURE OI WANT TO BANK TWINTY POUNDS. CAN I DRAW IT OUT QUICK IF I WANT IT?"

Postmaster. "INDADE, MRS. O'BRADY, YOU CAN DRAW IT OUT TO-MORROW IF YOU GIVE ME A WAKE'S NOTICE!"

VANITAS.

Pantomime Child (*to admiring friend*). "YUS, AND THERE'S ANOTHER HADVANTAGE IN BEIN' A HACTRESS. YOU GET YER FORTYGRAPHS TOOK FOR NOFFINK!'

BROTHERS IN ART.

New Arrival. "What should I charge for teaching ze Pianoforte?"
Old Stager. "Oh, I don't know."
N. A. "Vell, tell me vot *you* charge."
O. S. "*I* charge five guineas a lesson."
N. A. "Himmel! how many Pupils have you got?"
O. S. "Oh, I have no Pupils!"

THE NEW PLAY.

Low Comedian. "HAVE YOU SEEN THE NOTICE?"
Tragedian. "NO; IS IT A GOOD ONE?"
Low Comedian. "IT'S A FORTNIGHT'S."

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Conversationalist. "DO YOU PLAY PING-PONG?"
Actor. "NO. I PLAY *HAMLET!*"

A BIG ORDER.

Stout Party (*to waitress*). "PUT ME ON A PANCAKE, PLEASE!"

INDIRECT ORATION.

"OH, IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, THERE'S NO MEAT FOR DINNER. THE BUTCHER 'AS BEEN AND GONE AND NEVER COME THIS MORNING!"

BEGINNING EARLY.

"That new Boy's a bad Boy, Teacher. He smokes!"
"No, I don't smoke *now*, Teacher. I *used* to!"

CANDID.

Loafer. "ANY CHANCE OF A JOB O' WORK 'ERE, MISTER?"

Foreman. "NO. WE'RE NOT WANTING ANY MORE HANDS NOW."

Loafer. "WELL, THE LITTLE BIT O' WORK *I*'D DO WOULDN'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE!"

A DIFFERENT VIEW.

First Workman. "WHY DON'T YER BUY YER *own* MATCHES, 'STEAD OF ALWAYS CADGIN' MINE?"

Second Workman. "YOU'RE UNCOMMON MEAN WITH YER MATCHES. I'LL JUST TAKE A FEW"—(*helps himself to two-thirds*)—"AND BE HINDERPENDENT OF YER!"

PARADOXICAL.

Manager of "Freak" Show. "HAVE I GOT A VACANCY FOR A GIANT WHY, YOU DON'T LOOK FIVE FEET!"

Candidate. "YES, THAT'S JUST IT. I'M THE SMALLEST GIANT ON RECORD!"

DOTTYVILLE AGAIN.

Dotty One (*to gorgeous visitor, mysteriously*). "EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A BIT OF TOAST ABOUT YOU?"

Gorgeous Visitor. "GREAT SCOTT! NO! WHY SHOULD I CARRY *TOAST* ABOUT WITH ME? AND, BESIDES, WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"

Dotty One (*more mysteriously*). "I'M A *POACHED EGG*, AND I'M TIRED. I WANT TO SIT DOWN!"

AWKWARD.

BULL-DOGS *DO* GET *SO* ATTACHED TO PEOPLE!

AN UNPOPULAR IDOL!

How Billy and his Sunday-schoolmates intend to wreak their vengeance, if only a snow-storm be propitious on the Embankment some Sunday afternoon about Christmas-time.

AN EMPTY EMBRACE.

"'Ere y'are! Humberella rings, two a penny!"

OVERHEARD OUTSIDE A FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

"Hullo, Gus! What are you waiting about here for?"
"I'm waiting till the Banks close. I want to cash a cheque!"

UNEXPECTED EFFECT.

Snooks (*who fancies himself very much*). "WHAT'S SHE CRYING FOR?"

Arabella. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SHE WAS FRIGHTENED. WHEN SHE SAW *YOU* SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A *MAN!*"

RECKONING HIM UP.

Old Lady (*describing a cycling accident*). "'E 'ELPED ME HUP. AN' BRUSHED THE DUST ORF ON ME, AN' PUT FIVE SHILLIN' IN MY 'AND, AN' SO I SAYS, 'WELL, SIR, I'M SURE YOU'RE *HACTIN'* LIKE A GENTLEMAN,' I SAYS, 'THOUGH I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU ARE ONE,' I SAYS."

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"The Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form."
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 1.

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"Oh, my prophetic soul! My Uncle!"
Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 5.

DECISIVE.

Impecunious One (*halting abruptly*). "I BEG PARDON, SIR."

The Accosted (*moving off abruptly*). "GRANTED. DON'T BEG ANYTHING ELSE!"

AMENITIES OF THE PROFESSION.

Rising Young Dramatist. "SAW YOUR WIFE IN FRONT LAST NIGHT. WHAT DID SHE THINK OF MY NEW COMEDY?"

Brother Playwright. "OH, I THINK SHE LIKED IT. SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD A GOOD LAUGH."

R. Y. D. "AH—ER—WHEN WAS THAT?"

B. P. "DURING THE *ENTR'ACTE*. ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS DROPPED AN ICE DOWN HER NEIGHBOUR'S NECK."

BROWN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—No. I.

Brown (who takes a friend home to see his new purchase, and strikes a light to show it). "CONFOUND IT, THE BEASTLY THING'S STOPPED!"

BROWN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—No. 2.

Visitor. "WHAT ON *EARTH* DO YOU WANT WITH A TORTOISE?"

Mrs. Brown. "WELL, WHEN FRED HAD THAT FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT WITH HIS NEW MOTOR-CAR, HE SOLD IT, AND BOUGHT THE TORTOISE. SAYS IT SOOTHES HIS NERVES!"

THE NEW ACT AGAIN!

Careful Publican (to Chimney-sweep). "'Ere, I can't serve *you!* Go and wash yerself. I can't see yer Face! 'Ow am I to know as yer not on the Black List?"

! ! ! !

Estate Agent (*to Labourer's Son*). "HERE, MY BOY, WHERE CAN I FIND YOUR FATHER?"

Boy. "IN THE PIG-STYE, SIR. YOU'LL KNOW HIM BY 'IS BROWN 'AT!"

READY FOR THE FRAY.

AN ECHO FROM BROADWAY.

Old Lady. "YES—MADAM 'AS BIN A DEAR GOOD SOUL TO US POOR PEOPLE THIS COLD WEATHER. IF IT 'ADN'T 'AVE BIN FOR 'ER, SOME OF US OLD ONES WOULD 'AVE BIN NIPPED IN THE BUD!"

SMART.

Jones. "Do you Drink between Meals?"
Smith. "No. I eat between Drinks."
Jones. "Which did you do last?"
Smith. "Drink."
Jones. "Then we'd better go and have a Sandwich at once!"

QUITE OF HER OPINION.

Gushing Young Woman (to famous Actor). "OH, DO YOU KNOW, MR. STARLEIGH, I'M SIMPLY *MAD* TO GO ON THE STAGE!"
Famous Actor. "YES, I SHOULD THINK YOU *WOULD* BE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY!"

THE GENIAL SEASON.

Hungry-looking Acquaintance (with eye to invitation). "So glad to see you enjoying yourself!"

Fat Chap (evidently doing well). "Wrong again, Old Man. I'm enjoying my Dinner!"

SO LIKELY!

SCENE—*Bar of a Railway Refreshment Room.*

Barmaid. "TEA, SIR?" *Mr. Boozy.* "TEA!!! ME!!!!"

A EUPHEMISM.

Coster (*to acquaintance, who has been away for some months*). "WOT ARE YER BIN DOIN' ALL THIS TIME?"

Bill Robbins (*who has been "doing time"*). "OH, I'VE BIN WHEELIN' A BIT, OLE MAN—WHEELIN' A BIT!"

RATHER DIFFICULT FOR HIM.

Jones. "I AM NEVER AT A LOSS IN CONVERSATION."

His Fair Hostess. "BUT SURELY, MR. JONES, THERE MUST BE *SOME* SUBJECTS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU DO THEN?"

Jones. "OH, *THEN*—I SAY NOTHING, AND LOOK INTELLIGENT."

THE RULING PASSION.

Genial Doctor (*after laughing heartily at a joke of his patient's*). "HA! HA! HA! THERE'S NOT MUCH THE MATTER WITH *YOU!* THOUGH I DO BELIEVE THAT IF YOU WERE ON YOUR DEATH-BED YOU'D MAKE A JOKE!"

Irrepressible Patient. "WHY, OF COURSE I SHOULD. IT WOULD BE MY LAST CHANCE!"

TIT FOR TAT.

Eccentric Old Gent (*whose pet aversion is a dirty child*). "GO AWAY, YOU DIRTY GIRL, AND WASH YOUR FACE!"

Indignant Youngster. "*YOU* GO 'OME, YOU DIRTY OLD MAN, AND DO YER 'AIR!"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"Oi be eighty-foive, Zur."

"Dear me! You don't look it. And how old is your Wife?"

"Oh, she be eighty-foive too. But she've looked it fer the last fowrty year!"

STRONG LANGUAGE.

It is necessary in some parts of Ireland for carmen to have their names legibly written on the tailboard of the car.

Inspector. "WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS, PAT? YOUR NAME'S O-BLITERATED."

Pat. "YE LIE—IT'S O'BRIEN!"

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"Tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."
King John, Act III., Sc. 4.

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